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THE
CHURCH
AT THE
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CHARLES WHITTINGHAM & CO.
AT THE CHISWICK
PRESS

12577

THE INTERLUDE OF JOHAN THE EVANGELIST

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THE MALONE SOCIETY
REPRINTS [No. 4]
1907

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This reprint of *Johan the Evangelist* has been prepared
by the General Editor and checked by Arundell Esdaile.

Dec. 1906.

W. W. Greg.

THE entry 'Iohn Evangelist. I[nterlude].' is found in the list of plays appended to the edition of the *Old Law* printed for Edward Archer in 1656, and the same title, without the description, appears in Kirkman's lists of 1661 and 1671. Langbaine in 1691 also gives the title, adding: 'a Piece which I never saw.' Gildon, however, in his revision of the latter in 1699 remarks: 'The Title page of this also shews the Subject Divine,' an allusion to the woodcut on the first page which proves that he must have had a copy in his hands. The title is repeated without further information by subsequent writers down to Chetwood, who published his *British Theatre* anonymously in 1750. Here, under the heading 'Plays Wrote by Anonymous Authors in the 15th [should be 16th] Century,' we find the entry '*Johne the Evangeliste, an Interlude, 1566.*' There is, however, no reason to suppose that the entry is based on any independent authority, or that the date given is more than a guess. Chetwood added dates to most plays, and they are in many instances manifestly fictitious. His entry of the present piece was copied in all subsequent lists (D. E. Baker in 1764 adding '4to') down to Halliwell; Hazlitt omitted it. It may be confidently assumed that no bibliographer since Gildon had set eyes on the play.

In the spring of 1906 the discovery was made in a library in Ireland of a volume of early plays, among which was the interlude of *Johan the Evangelist*. The plays were sold at Sotheby's on 30 June, when the present piece fell to the British Museum for the sum of one hundred and two pounds. Its press mark is C. 34. i. 20.

The play is in quarto, undated, but bearing in the colophon the name of John Waley. This printer was engaged in active

business from 1546 to 1586. The catalogue of the British Museum assigns the edition to c. 1565 on general grounds of typographical style, but the fact that, contrary to his action in the case of *Youth and Wealth and Health*, Waley does not appear to have entered the piece on the Stationers' Register, may suggest a date before July 1557. It is not improbable that parts at least of the play were written at a considerably earlier period.

There is, indeed, evidence that an earlier edition, if not an earlier version, existed, for on 8 Nov. 1520 an Oxford bookseller recorded in his accounts the sale of 'i saint jon euuangeliste en trelute i[d.]' (*Day-Book of John Dorne*, ed. F. Madan, Oxford Historical Society's Collectanea, 1885).

The present reprint aims at following the original in all essential respects. It should, however, be said that it has proved impossible in practice to distinguish consistently between 'u' and 'n' in black-letter texts. These have therefore been treated as being in form identical, and have been differentiated in the reprint according to the apparent intention of the author. No authority is claimed for this distinction, and if anyone should desire to read 'indicat' in l. 225, no serious objection need be raised. Appended is a list of such readings in the original (not being matters of punctuation) as appear to be due to errors of the press, including likewise a few typographical irregularities which have been set right in the reprint. The type in which the original is printed is the usual black-letter of the period, of the size known as English (20 ll. = 95 mm.). It may be mentioned that the ornament inscribed 'aue:mar', which appears on the right hand of the title-page, is also found in the Britwell *Everyman* printed by Skot.

IRREGULAR AND DOUBTFUL READINGS.

4. w (the superscript letter is indistinguishable)	325. vrn (bin)
13. rauylshet	369. astar
74. A rede.	384. hane (?)
105. fedyng (leding)	398. coussell (counsell)
124. Ies (Pes)	417. wyfe ;
155. affaye (?)	430. Ies (Pes)
165. Engenio. (?)	455. fensualyie
180. loste (luste ?)	478. kue (?)
236. infyrmacyon	564. flye (fyle ?)
255. aup (?)	570. perable
263. talled (?)	586. dispysed
265. resyded	600. than (that)
268. knane (?)	611. fythed (tythed)
302. shall	624. owe (lowe ?)
319. Eugenie.	645. worlde (worse ?)
	649. pnblycan (?)

It may also be noted here that in the following words the 'w' belongs to a different fount from that usually employed: 87 **with**, 233 **with**, 286 **wyll**, 384 **and thowewe**, 629 **wherfore**, 649 **was**.

LIST OF CHARACTERS.

Saint Johan the Evangelist.	Actio.
Eugenio.	Evil Counsel.
Irisdision.	Idleness.

It is not clear whether 1. 1 is intended as a speaker's name or as a head-title, but it seemed best to include it in the numbering. The probability is that the first speech belongs to Irisdision.

Here begynneth the
enterlude of Johan
the Euangelyst.



Saint Johan the Euangelyst.

Domine atri te omne desiderium meum
Et gemitus meus non est absconditus
The sweetest lyfe souerayn in this wrold w som
Is to haue meditacion of our lordes Iesus
Very contemplatyng god / worshypped thus
Bethynkyng in the soule / without any speche
God tendeth ryght moze the prayer with the hert of vs
Than the prayer of the mouth / the teixe dothe teche
In medytacion who so hath forfence
The mouthe can not expresse the thoughtes of the herte
That hollyest sturyson is of so hye intellygence

Thus ys ye wyl be redake and rewre
Iesu wyl than with his grace you renewre
To that lordes blysse ye shall come all a
Qui vult per infinita seculorum secula.

Amem.

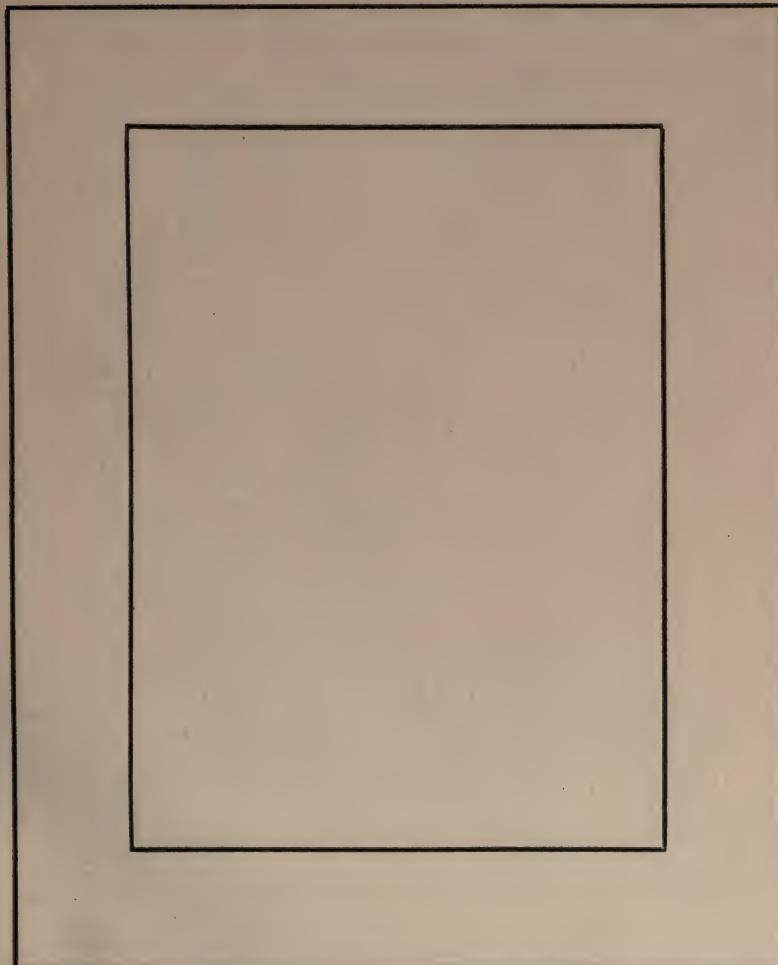


Thus endeth the Enterlude of saynt Johan
the Euangelyst. Impyned at London
In folies laene by John Waley.



FACSIMILES BY HORACE HART, M.A., AT THE OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS

C Here begynneth the
enterlude of Johan
the Euangelyst.



¶ Saynt Johan the Euangelys.

Domine ante te omne desiderium meum
Et gemitus meus non est absconditus
The swetest lyfe souerayn in this world to som
Is to haue meditacyon of our lord Jesus
Very contemplatyue god / worshypped thus
Bethynkyng in the soule / without any speche
God tendeth ryght more the prayer with the hert of vs
Than the prayer of the mouth / the terte dothe teche
In medytacyon who so hath forfence
The mouthe can not expresse the thoughtes of the herte
That holynest fruyssyon is of so hye intellygencie
As it rauyssheth the soule in to a blessed deserfe
It feleth no earthly thyng unto the tyme it reuerte
Thus fared Magdaleyne whan Martha complayned
She herde her not / in god her herte was so experfe
Nor the aungell at the sepulcre / loue so her constrainyd
The cause why I reherce you the holy medytacyon
For it is myne exercysse expresse
Who so wyll labour in this / must se his habytacyon
Be solytary in soule / of great quyetnesse
Therefore euer to the churche I do me dresse
Rest / reuerence / and worshyp ther in hulde be
With cryeng on Chyrl / and our synnes confesse
Beati qui habitant in domo tua domine.

¶ Eugenio.

CQui cum deo patri / graunted by the pope
A thousand four hundred / and neuer a day lesse
That hath herde this noble sermon / and theron doth hope
A pena et culpa / here I them relesse
Is it not pyte suche a pulpet man to lese
I praye you syr let vs here moze of youre pope holynes

A.ii.

For me thynke I haue herde you preche or this at Poules
 • Irisdision. (crosse

¶ Whome call you pope holye.
 • Eugenio.

¶ Suche a foole as thou art that clappest euer in diuinite
 • Irisdision.

¶ All vertues people to commende is my propertie.
 • Eugenio.

40 ¶ Than is Caton false / and that he endytes
For he sayth (Nec te collaudas / nec te culpaberis ipse)
Great laudacyons loueth these hypocrytes
(Qui se colaudat) &c.

No more to you at this tyme
But understande you this latyne.
 • Irisdision.

¶ Ye syr I trowe.
 • Eugenio.

50 ¶ Responde tunice domine doctor clericozum
But syr knowe you any iustes of cozum.
 • Irisdision.

¶ Why so?
 • Eugenio.

¶ A felowe of myne was take with a Cuculorum
For a cupple horses he stale in an euenyng.
 • Irisdision.

¶ What wolde ye haue me do in that case.
 • Eugenio.

60 ¶ Sursum corda for hym to synge
Ye shulde haue well why.
 • Irisdision.

¶ I can not synge.
 • Eugenio.

¶ No syr ye shulde but make a spynge
Under a perche / lokyng vp towarde the skye.

¶ Irisdision.

¶ Without god be thy frende / þ same deth shalt thou dye
¶ Eugenio.

¶ Mary I beshewe his herte that so can prophesye. 70
¶ Irisdision.

¶ What is thy name ?
¶ Eugenio.

¶ A rede.

¶ Irisdision.

¶ Eugenio I trowe the same.
¶ Eugenio.

¶ A syr the deuyll stryke of thy hede
Horeson who taught the so ryght to rede
I trowe some yuell spyyte be within the. 80

¶ Irisdision.

¶ In the cyte of Hierusalem that is so called
I feare thou wylte never come to that holy Spone
That with twelue precyous stones is surely walled
Full strayne is the waye thyder to gone
And in to that castell entrynge is none
Withoutte thou acquaynte the with two porters before
Hope is the fyrt / and Faythe the other one.

¶ Eugenio.

¶ Lo so gostely he prateth euermore
þe dare not coughe your conscience is so holy 90
But I pray you shewe me before
Which is the waye to yonder castell ye prayse so greatlye.

¶ Irisdision.

¶ Duer the mede of mekenesse marke thou the waye
Than to the pathe of pacyence halte thou passe

A.iii.

In to the lande of largenes holde for the lase
And in the lane of besynesse loke thou not basshe
Than measure in a marsshe / a fayre maner hasse
100 Reste there hardely / and abyde all nyght.

♪ Eugenio.

¶ Nay that I wyll not by this lyght
But what calleſt thou this way.

♪ Irisdision.

¶ Via recta / fedyng to lyfe
So Dauid named it in his daye
(Spes mea stetit in via recta)

♪ Eugenio.

¶ Passeſth all men by this iourneye.

♪ Irisdision.

¶ Nay / and the more pytie verely I saye.

♪ Eugenio.

¶ What be they that goo that waye moſte.

♪ Irisdision.

¶ They that be enſpyzed with the holy goosſe
As innocentes and virgins.

♪ Eugenio.

¶ Mary I knowe none ſuche in all this coste.

♪ Irisdision.

120 ¶ They that goo thyder muſte be (Gratia electi)

♪ Eugenio.

¶ Why is there no other way but this.

♪ Irisdision.

¶ Ies on the leſte syde another there is
That is called (Via obliqua et via circularis)

♪ Eugenio.

¶ And whyder draweth this.

♪ Irisdision.

¶ Euen ryght to dethe
Who so walkes that way hym selfe he slethe.

130

¶ Eugenio.

¶ Syr who gothe that way so yll.

¶ Irisdision.

¶ All they that woxketh the deuels wyll
As (Dmnes iniqui in circuitu impii ambulantes)

¶ Eugenio.

¶ Thou arte a lowler by my trouthe I warrantes
Howe many by pathes be in that waye.

¶ Irisdision.

¶ Syre score and odde I saye.

140

¶ Eugenio.

¶ Than one can not sayle where he go by nyghte or daye
But may a man go to the stewes that waye
At his pleasure yf he lyste to playe.

¶ Irisdision.

¶ It brynges men to the seete of rusfull araye
The lady of confusion lyeth therin
That Babylone is called / she is the ende of all synne.

¶ Eugenio.

¶ Whiche way costeth that countray.

¶ Irisdision.

¶ To an yle in the north I saye
(Ab aquilone pandetur omne malum)

¶ Eugenio.

¶ That is the fyrt place that men shulde assaye
Whether it be hedged or walled.

¶ Irisdision.

¶ With bowes and trees it is meruaylously paled
There groweth the elders of enuye
Staked with pyde full bye

160

And the bryeres of bakbytyng with wrath wretched aboute
Full of slouthy bushes and lecherous thornes drye
With glotonous postes / and couetyse rayled throughoute
And at myscheues gate many dothe in ronne.

♪ Eugenio.

¶ And where do they all become.

♪ Irysdylyon.

¶ Downe to the dongyon where the deuyll dwelleth
Lucyfer that lothly lorde that is in bale blysses

170 There is wo upon wo / as Christ vs telleth
All that may dysease and nothyng please / euer restlesse
There is froste / there is fyre
Hope is loste and her desyre
There care hath no recouer
Without ptytie there is Payne
To crye for mercy it is in Payne
For grace is gone for euer
(Finit tormentorum suorum
Ascendit in seculorum)

180 Lo thus hath loste wedded confusyon
Lucefers daughter dampnacyon
In hell to haue herytage
(Septum dominium peccati est mox)

♪ Eugenio.

¶ In sayth that is a knauylshe way to walke
Nowe a whyle of some mythe let vs talke
For I forsake that passage.

♪ Iridision.

¶ Nowe farewell syr and haue good daye
190 For I must goo another waye
Forget not my reason sage.

♪ Eugenio.

¶ What wyll ye goo your way
Ye haue done a fayre iourney to day
It is tyme for to be walkyng
For I am wery of your talkyng
Lo syss he speake full holyply
But yet I beshewe hym for all his clergy
He may well be called witlesse syz wyll
For I trowe his brayne is stedfast as a wyndemyll
But nowe well remembred by bokes Amromes 200
I wolde haue a playster for all harmes
Some fayre wenche to lye in myne armes
That wolde auoyde all stryues
It were to me / administrate nos
Et restaurate nos / also comforstate nos
Ye / and somtyme I wyll take mennes wyues
For cokolde makers hath merper lyues
Than they that do all the coste
As to wedde at the churche doze / and there to be sworne 210
Perhap her husband shulde haue an horne
Than may he curse the tyme that euer he was borne
For all the loue is loste
Clerkes say that of wedlocke god that knot doth knyt
And yet women do venter to breke it
For though theyr soules shulde lye in hell pvt
They wyll vse that soray werke
And yf they so dye
Atropos cometh full sodeynly
And or they beware full slyly 220
He ledeth them downe in the darke
The curtesye of Englande is ofte to kys
And of it selfe it is lechery where pleasure is
All yonge folke remembrie this

Intentio iudicat quenquam
So great delyte thou mayst haue therin
That afore god it is deedly synne
But farewell / yonder cometh syr Wylyam of trentam.

¶ S. Johan the Euangelyste.

230 ¶ That lord whiche is princypall
Conserue and kepe this congregacyon
And couer you with his mantell perpetuall
After that ye do passe with dethes vysytacyon
This prince bryngē you to that holy nacyon
Where loue dothe dwell with virgynyte
And to gyue you playne infyrmacyon
In that realme dwelleth the holy trynyte
I am Johan / that presently dothe apere
Called the grace of god by interpretacyon
240 And of my doctryne ys ye lyfie to here
Moche can I shewe you of Christes incarnacyon
And of his passyon / for verely I was there
I sawe hym hange on the crosse on hye on hye
His mother and I stode there vnder
And I herde whan he cryed Hely Hely
And sawe Longes smynte his herte a sonder
His lawes to the people wyll I preche
And all that euer do folowe me in peace
The kyngdome of heuen theyr soules shall reche
250 There hauyng ioye that neuer shall cease
But nowe the trowe loue that we shulde to god owe
Men gyueth it to rychesse that is mutable
Full soze they wyll it repente I trowe
That euer they were of mynde so vnstable

If any man wyll haue rychedesse goostly
I wyll hastely agayne be here
And therof he shall haue gladly
At all tymes I wyll hym chere
My commynge hythere was for youre furtheraunce
And nowe I leaue you in goddes gouernaunce.

260

¶ Actio.

¶ Nowe mery myght you be
Who was that that called me
So erly to daye
One resyded me with a bolle of water
Here was a shreude mater
Sodaynly one to astraye
It was some knaue my brother
Beshewe hym and none other
For that araye
I was faste a slepe
Tyll I felte the wete
Full styll I laye
He brake myne olde custome
For I wolde haue layne tyll noone
And than haue ryssen to playe
But nowe to the purpose
For by the saythe that nowe gose
I loue to goo gaye
And with other mennes wyues
That be wanton of lyues
Ofte do I ronne awaye
And where so euer I go
One good condycion haue I to
I vse neuer trouthe to saye
Also I haue a great disease ys ye wyll me leue

270

280

Euen here syis in the bottom of my sleue.

¶ Eugenio.

¶ By god syr and I do laye a playster to your cote
290 I wyll heale it I dare lay a grote.

¶ Actio.

¶ Eugenio / fro whence come you.

¶ Eugenio.

¶ Fro thence that ye were spoke of ryght nowe
ye shall haue an offyce.

¶ Actio.

¶ What is that I pray you tell me.

¶ Eugenio.

¶ By my sayth ye shall be hangeman of Calys
300 Therto ye be appoynted verely.

¶ Actio.

¶ Than the fyfte man that shall be hanged shall thou be
For I tell the I wyll begynne with the.

¶ Eugenio.

¶ Nay syr / but herke what I shall the say
Here was one late this same daye
That dispaylesd rychesse worldly
He sayd he that dothe forslake prosperytie
And take hym to wylfull pouerte
310 He shall haue ioy eternally.

¶ Actio.

¶ What was he?

¶ Eugenio.

¶ A doctour as seemed me
He spake as holyly
As though god had ben his cosyne.

¶ Actio.

¶ Ye but was he not myred with hypocresy.

¶ Eugenie.

¶ No man / he spake so goostly
He had almoste chaunged my mode
I had thought to gyue awaie my goode
And than aske my selfe for charytie.

320

¶ Actio.

¶ Why woldest thou haue brn so wytty
Maye thou arte a foole and thou wylte for any eggynge
Gyue away thyne owne good and goo thy self a beggyng
For so wyll not I do yet trust me.

¶ Eugenio.

¶ Syr he promest moste largely
That I shulde in ioye lyue euer
Where I shall dye neuer
Thus also he sayd verely
That I shulde fele there no yll
And haue all that I desyre wyll
And se god in his maiestie
Also he promest me a greater hyre
That I shulde haue all that I wolde desyre.

330

¶ Actio.

¶ I rede the laye that thought awaie
For mayst thou not se all daye
That they that vseth sporete and playe
Lyueth at ease mervly
They haue moste hertyest reste
And fareth of the beste
That thus spendeth theyn lyues in iolyte.

340

¶ Eugenio.

¶ Well than my wytte I wyll renewe
For I trowe thou sayest full trewe
Yf I do it / and afterwarde rewe it
As to gyue away my good

350

B.iii.

I trowe I shulde it forthynke
Without a cuppe than myght I dynke
For that purse that sowneth not trynke
His mayster weareth a threde bare hode.

¶ Actio.

¶ Ye ye man / that is trewe in dede
But let vs go walke a space
For yuell counsayle hyther wyll spede
360 That person I trowe he be voyde of all grace.

¶ Eugenio.

¶ Go we hence than in tyme
Hastely we wyll come agayne
For Johan wyll be here by pryme
His sermonde wolde I here fayne.

¶ Yuell counsayle.

¶ By your leaue let me come nere
What dothe all this company here
Where after is your gapyng
370 By oure ladye a maystere I haue soughte nye and farre
For sythe I came fro Rochester
I haue spente all mywynnyng
By our lady I wyll no more goo to Couentry
For there knaues set me on the pyllery
And thewe egges at my hede
So sore that my nose dyd blede
Of whyte wyne galons thury
Somtyme in London dyd I dwell
I was prentyse with yuell counsell
380 And so men calleth me
I hope agayne to go thyder
Yf sommer were come and fayre wether
And lyue full merely

I haue sought Englande thorowe and thorowe
Uyllage / towne / cytie / and borowe
With many a thousande bequeyntyd I am
As yll tongued churles / and many a proude gentyll man
That shreudly roundeth many a pystell
Whan they in yonge wyues eeres dothe whystell
Of maters partaynyng to Venus actes
With fayne flaterynge wordes and pretie knackes
Both men and women they brynge to lechery
Through me puell counsayle to lyue in aduoutry
In Cornewall I haue ben and in Kent
Westmynster / saynt Katheryns / and in vnthystes rent
There I rested very lately
Nowe fayne wolde I haue a mayster
That wolde do by my couysell
For though he spende and be a waster
To get money I can teache hym the crafte well.

390

¶ Idelnesse.

¶ What art thou tell me that speketh this.

¶ Puell counsayle.

¶ Mary syr a man that wolde haue a seruys
Great nede haue I therto.

¶ Idelnesse.

¶ Why what seruyce canst thou do.

¶ Juell counsayle.

¶ Bothe steale and lye / and on your erande go
To fette an other mannes wyfe to your bedde.

¶ Idelnesse.

¶ Yf I of suche thynges may be spedde
I am gladde that we be met.

¶ Juell counsayle.

¶ In Englande shall nothing me let

400

410

With you wyll I byde for euer
But mayster haue ye any wyfe?

¶ Idelnesse.

¶ Ye mo than .xxv. by my lyfe
420 But some other men kepereth them for me.

¶ Juell counsayll.

¶ Mary syr no force / it costeth you the lesse money
But you haue good chere whan you come.

¶ Idelnesse.

¶ Ye at meat I am mery / and at bed if I lyste too playe.
¶ Juell counsayle.

¶ Than theyr husbandes be out of the waye
Or els ye come not there.

¶ Idelnesse.

430 ¶ Ies yes dayly / and make good chere
And not spyyd at all / I haue suche polesy.

¶ Juell counsayle.

¶ I am gladde that ye be so wytty
And syr yf you wyll haue a freshe lusty trull
I wyll get her you / or a hulwyse that can spyn a pounde
¶ Idelnesse. (of woll)

¶ Than wyll we drynke wyne at the full
In one place yf thou canste helpe me.

¶ Juell counsayle.

440 ¶ I pray you tell me what is she.

¶ Idelnesse.

¶ An artyfycers wyfe / a prety woman.

¶ Juell counsayle.

¶ Syr I wyll goo to my brother temptacion
And than to wanton youthe I wyll make a stacyon
For bytwene vs thre
Of her your pleasure ye shall haue hardely.

¶ Idelnesse.

¶ Shall I go with you also.

¶ Puell counsayle.

¶ Ye syr and it please you so to do
Howe say you / haue not they mery lyues
That may kysse and basse other mennes wyues
Lo iouthe is full of iolyte
But whan sawe you your brother sensualyte.

450

¶ Idelnesse.

¶ Syr I leste hym on the playne of Salysbyre
He tolde me that he wolde lyfste
Some good felowe from his thyfste
And as I trowe somwhat he wyll gette
To make with the peny
Many one for theyr good do labour and swete
But he dothe not so / he getteth it lyghtly.

460

¶ Puell counsayle.

¶ Syr he dyd me a shreude turne as I you tell.

¶ Idelnesse.

¶ I pray the shewe me howe it besell.

¶ Puell counsayle.

¶ The laste daye syr I wylste
The puttocke that he ware on his sytle
Wolde haue trode my henne
And vp I caught a rottocke
And byt hym on the buttocke
That there laye in a thenne.

470

¶ Idelnesse.

¶ Wherby knowest thou that it was he.

¶ Puell counsayle.

¶ For he had a bell aboute his kne
And therby yche hym knewe.

C.i.

480 **I** dyd hym holde in the wynde
Tyll at the laste he had his mynde
God gyue hym an yll pewe.
 • Idelnesse.

C And what meate dyd thou gyue hym
Say on hardely.
 • Puell counsayle.

C Syre a fayre pece of baken
And a blacke bolle full of barly.
 • Idelnesse.

490 **C** By Jesu this is a gentyll meate for a hauke
To kepe byrdes thou art very connyng
Thy thryste I trowe is layde a sonnyng
But tell me nowe where is thy wonnyng.
 • Puell counsayle.

C Syr at the stewes is my mooste abydyng
Otherwyle goynge / and somtyme rydyng
And yf the grounde be slypper and slydynge
In saythe I fall downe moselyng.
 • Idelnesse.

500 **C** What some pleasure than there areres
Beschewe your heed bytwene your eeres.
 • Puell counsayle.

C May syr it shall be yours and theirs
For whan a man hath inowe
Let hym parte with his neyghboures.
 • Idelnesse.

C It is thy desteny I trowe
For to be cladde all in bres
And ryde the horse with four eeres.
 • Puell counsayle.

510 **C** May syr not afore you

For I loue yll to walter
I ryde in a faddyll / but ye shall ryde in a halter.

¶ Idelnesse.

C In good saythe knaue thou shalte beare me a strype.
¶ Puell counsayle.

C And thou shalte haue another an I can hyt the a ryght.
¶ Idelnesse.

C Why smytest thou not / come of.
¶ Puell counsayle.

C Nay I trowe ye do but skoffe
But I wolde not for an hundred pounde syghte with the.
¶ Idelnesse.

C Why so tell me.
¶ Puell counsayle.

C For I never sought with man but he deyde
And so shulde you and ye dyd my strokes abyde.
¶ Idelnesse.

C Mary I had leuer thou were tyde
Thou arte as manly as yll cheuyng
Thou were a good bolde felowe to go a theuyng.
¶ Puell counsayle.

C Well let vs go to vnclystes a whyle hence
And let some other kepe relydence
For I dare laye theron .xl. pence
We shall haue a sermon or nyght.

¶ Idelnesse.

C I trowe than he wyll come hyther
That layde syrt In principio togyther.

¶ Ambo.

C So we / for we two wyll go thyder
There as we wyll make mery by this lyght.

¶ Actio.

C A syr I haue ben longe awaie

520

530

540

I sayd I wolde se you by the lyght daye.

¶ Eugenio.

¶ There hath be a fayre araye
Where we to haue be
There was layeng of the lawe
550 And all was not worthe a newe strawe
So god helpe me.

¶ Actio.

¶ Syr I sawe the wenche that dyde youre necke clawe
That bare in her hande a gay gewgawe
We thaught it was lyke a pawe
Of a whytyng
She helde me with a tale of tytemary tally
Tyll my thyfste was gone as quyte as a dally
God wote it is a nyce thyng.

560 ¶ Eugenio

¶ Peace man / ye shall here a sermonysacyon
Of the egle that ryseth full hye
Yf he do here thy exclamacyon
He wyll make the to stye.

¶ Actio.

¶ Not in a stryng I trowe
Peace for he is come nowe.

¶ Johan the Euangelyst.

¶ O men vnykynde / wretched and mortall
570 Herken to this perable that I shall tell.

¶ Eugenio.

¶ The herynge therof gyue you I shall.

¶ Actio.

¶ And I to do by your counsayle yf ye saye well.

¶ Johan the Euangelyst.

¶ Nowe I begynne / gyue good audience

Two men assended ones to a temple to praye
Theyz conuersacyon hauyng great difference
It was the Pharysien and the publycan I saye
Two ensamples by them perceyue we maye
The great pryde of the Pharyseye
580
Other mennes fautes he displaysed aye
And his owne counsayle hyd vnder false hewe
In the publycans prayers there was than
A great excellence of mekenesse
He displaysed hymselfe a wretched man
Thynkyng eche creature exceded hym in goodenesse
His fautes he dyd confesse
With great sorowe for his transgressyon
And in the pharyses prayer dyd expresse
590
Of full pryde and adulacyon
He prayde not / but praysed hymselfe there
Standyng vpryght with a perte face
The masse begynneth with Confiteor
And endeth with Deo gratias
Ewyn the reuers he dyd in this case
There the masse endeth he beganne proudly
Makyng no confession of his trespass
But sayd (Deo gratias ago tibi)
In than he thanked god he was not to blame
600
But in that he thanked hym not with verye mekenesse
The species of synne he rehersed by name
In whiche all synnes be comprehended expresse
By rauenours is vnderstande couetyse
In vnyrghtfull to say pryde of hym than
In auoutry / all lechery that men can reherce
And thus he excused hym selfe / & sclaudred the publycan

C.iii.

I pay my tythes he sayd also
And so he dyd / but not of the beste
610 In that Cayme he was lyke to
For he sythed alway of the worste
Twysle in the weke he sayd he dyd faste
Fro meate and dynke he dyd / but not fro dedelye synne
And that is the faste that pleaseth god beste
But therat hypocrytes wyll not begynne
Agayne god he synned greuously
In that he iustifyed hym selfe so
And his euen Christen sclaudryng malycuously
(Tu testimonium perhiberis de teipso)
620 (Et testimonium tuum non est verum) I say so
Wherfore god dyd hym deuyde
Fro the nyne partes of aungels the tenth so
Wher Lucyfer is falle for his pryde
The gospell sayd / who doth hye hym shall be owe
All they that prayseth them selfe do synne be you sure
And so you cursed men do your cure
For by goddes iugement
Ye for sake not your synne be you sure
You go to hell / wherfore repente.

630 ♫ Ambo.

¶ I crye god mercy for myne offence
My wycked lyfe I do defye.

♪ Eugenio.

¶ Also I am sorry of my neglygence
Your doctryne I wyll folowe full mekely.

S. Johan the Euangelyste.

¶ This sample god sayth vs to
That we shulde consyder it wylsely
Who demeth hym selfe good / is ferre there fro
640 And he that thynketh hymselfe synfullest is blyssed hardly

Thynke nowe that youre purpose was sette cursedlye
In synne thus to lede lyues dayne
Under colour of vertue / demyng your selfe good
You and all they that it dothe sustayne
Be worlde than the pharysey / mennes lawes are woode
Remembrye this for the reuerence of hym þ dyed on roode
And to the lawes of the churche abyde every man
And ye shall be parteners of Christes precyous bloode
And blessed of god as was the publycan
Thus yf ye wyll be stedfaste and trewe
Iesu wyll than with his grace you renewe
To that lordes blysse ye shall come all a
Qui viuit per infinita seculorum secula.

650

Amen.

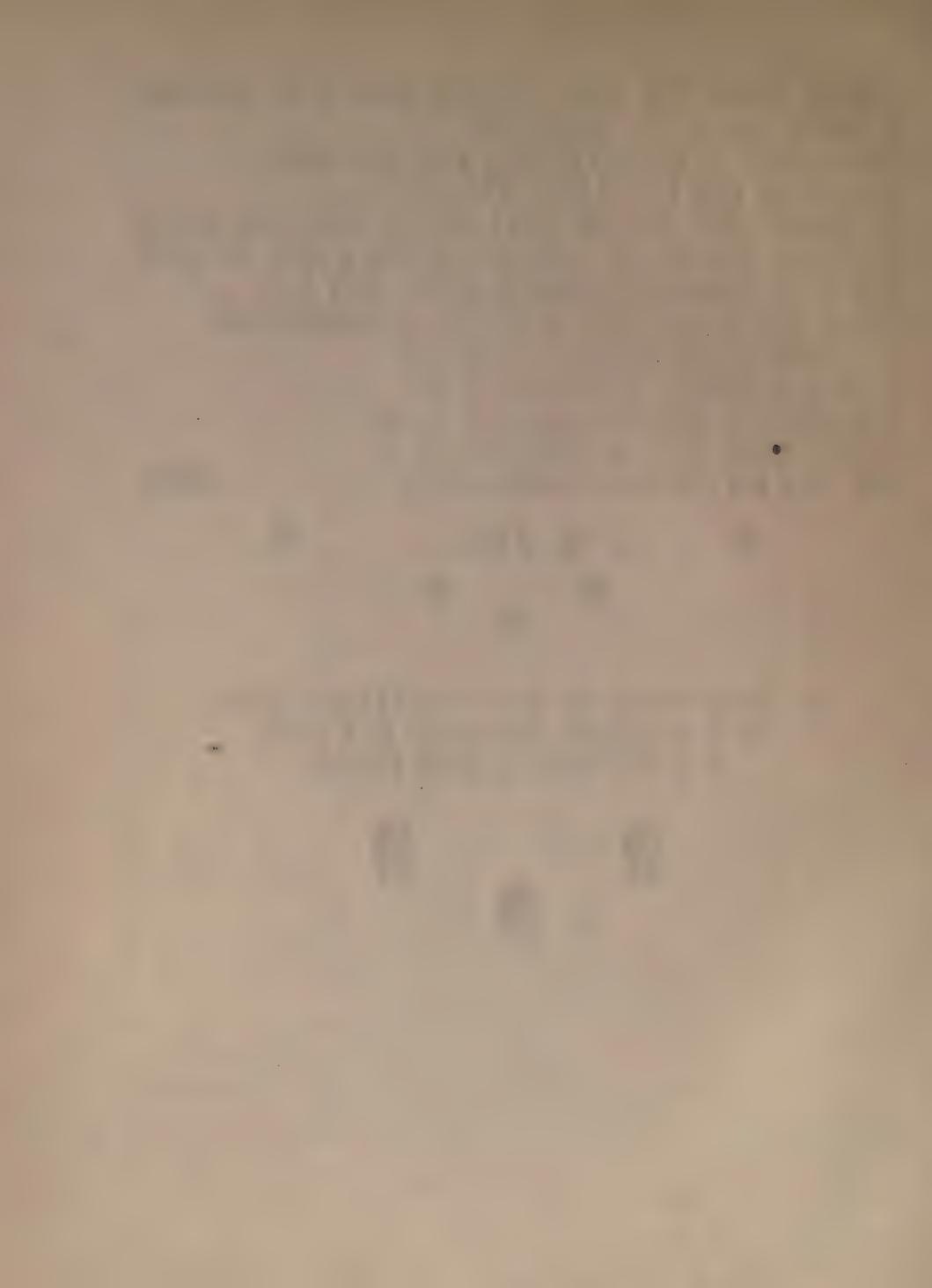


* * Finis. *



¶ Thus endeth the Enterlude of saynt Johan
the Euangelyste. Imprynted at London
in Foster laene by John Waley.







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